

Children's Department.

LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

Little All-Aloney's feet
Pitter-patter in the hall,
And his mother runs to meet
And to kiss her toddling sweet,
Ere perchance he fall.
He is, oh, so weak and small!
Yet what danger shall he fear
When his mother hovereth near
And he hears her cheering call:
"All-Aloney!"

Little All-Aloney's face
It is all aglow with glee,
As around that romping place
At a terrifying pace
Lungeth, plungeth he!
And that hero seems to be
All unconscious of our cheers—
Only one dear voice he hears
Calling reassuringly:
"All-Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load,
Though his feet they seem so small
That you cannot help forebode
Some disastrous episode
In that noisy hall;
Neither threatening bump nor fall
Little All-Aloney fears,
But with sweet bravado steers
Whither comes that cheery call:
"All-Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come,
When he shares of Sorrow's store,
When his feet are chill and numb,
When his cross is burdensome,
And his heart is sore;
Would that he could hear once more
The gentle voice he used to hear—
Divine with mother love and cheer—
Calling from yonder spirit shore:
"All, all alone!"

—Eugene Field.

JENNINGS, LA. Jan. 30, 1894

DEAR AUNT ETTA:—Mamma said I should write a letter for the EVANGELIST, and urge the children to each send a dime to Brother Holsinger. My sister and I sell a quart of milk every day and we will each send a dime.

Now can't every one of you do something to earn a dime and send it to him? I am sure he will smile when he reads our letters, and sees we are trying to help the good cause along.

We had election of town officers. The whisky men tried to get in their men so they could have a saloon in town, but the Prohibition men worked, the Lord was on our side, and so we have no saloon. We are having nice weather; it is just like spring.

We have had but two or three frosts. Before the frost some of the early peach trees were in bloom; and the strawberries were in bloom too. I go to school and have a good teacher. I was sorry to hear about Homer being sick I hope he will be better by the next paper we get. I like to read his letters so well.

ORA GRUBB.

Now children, Ora has suggested another good work in which you can show your power. I am quite certain you can earn a dime in some way. Then, too, I believe you could get a dime from your papa or some other good man to send with yours. Let me whisper in your ear a good plan for asking him so he will not refuse. You be a very good and obedient child; Doing just what he tells you, and if possible some things that will please and help him, without having to be told. Then some day when he feels in a good humor, not when some one has been saying ugly words to him, or when the cattle have broken down the bars and eat a lot of corn, but when he has sold a load of hogs or had a good trade at the store, and just after he has had a good, big dinner, you go to him and in the most pleasant way you know, tell him how much Brother Holsinger needs a dime from him, and how you have earned a dime, and I am sure if it is possible for him to do so he will give you one. Then I know Brother Holsinger will smile, and I really believe he will write you a nice long letter through the EVANGELIST like he used to. You can send your dimes to him, or you can enclose them in a letter to us, telling how you earned your dime. It may help some other child to earn his.

AUNT ETTA.

CORNELL, ILL. Feb. 2nd, 1893.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I saw my letter in print, I made up my mind to write a letter every month if I can. We have social meeting every Tuesday evening. The last one was at Mr. Vanderree's I was there too. There were thirty-five present in all. Next week it will be at Mr. Johnson's. They do not belong to the Progressive church. We are expecting Mr. Palmer

from Indiana to hold a series of meetings before long. I am very sorry that Homer Harrison is sick. I hope he will be better soon. Good bye.

BENJAMIN MAST.

MILLERSBURG, IOWA.

DEAR EDITOR:—I think if we are to have a page of our own, we should try and fill it up better than we have been doing. I am in favor of having a page for the children, and I will try and help fill it up. We have a "Kings Children Society" here and have twenty-two members. Our next lesson is Conversation. I like to go, and think it is very interesting. I was very sorry to hear of the illness of Homer Harrison, and I hope he will soon recover. I will close by asking a question. If wine is injurious, why did Christ turn water into wine?

EVA MILLER.

This is a neat letter, written with pen and ink and very plain. Twenty-two members of the King's Children is a very good start. It is just two less than twice as many as there were of a certain class of officers mentioned in the Bible. Will our little readers give us the names of these officers as well as answer Eva's question?

TEEGARDEN, IND., Jan. 12, 1894.

DEAR EVANGELIST:—I thought I would send in a letter again. I do not see many children's letters, but I love to read them. Are there no children to write? or why is it we do not see more of their good letters? We could not go to meeting the last time with papa and mamma. The scarlet fever was right at the place where the meeting was. But it is stopped now. Mamma says we can go next time if we keep well. The people that had the scarlet fever, lost three children and have one left. They feel very sad, but they must be good and then they can go where the children are. Papa and mamma and Charley are singing, "Home Sweet Home," and I am writing.

Yours truly

CARRIE STEELE.

We like to hear of children being anxious to go to the house of God. If we have the right spirit within us, God's house will ever be a delightful